American Union.

VOL. 8. DENTON, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1867. NO. 274.

ENOCH PRATT FREE LIBRARY BALTIMORE

Poetry.

Don't Marry a Man if he Drinks.

Young ladies, pray listen to me,
And keep just as quiet as mice,
While I sing you a song—its not very long—
Which contains a piece of advice:
No matter what people may say,
No matter what somebody thinks;
If you wish to be happy the rest of your days,
Don't marry a man if he drinks;
Dou't marry a man if he drinks.

He may be so handsome and gay,
And have such a beautiful voice,
And may dance so divinely you'll feel on your heart
That he must be the man of your choice;
If his accents are tender and low,
And sweeter than roses and pinks,
And his breath quite a different thing, you may know
Your exquisite gentleman drinks,
Your exquisite gentleman drinks.

Just think of the sorrows and cares,
The heart-rending sighs and fears;
Of the words and the blows, and cruelest woes,
And then think of the ocean of tears;
Think of Toodles, the drunkest of men,
His attitudes, his coughs and winks,
And then think what a dignified pair you will
arry a man that drinks,
If you [illegible] that drinks.

Young ladies, look well to your hearts,
Don't throw them away on a sot;
Or a man who is given to treating his friends,
Whate'er be his station or lot.
Though his pride may uphold him awhile,
Yet sooner or later he sinks;
Then, if you would be happy the rest of your days,
Don't marry a man if he drinks,
Don't marry a man if he drinks.

Earning Her Own Living.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"Oh, John, I don't see how you can be so cruel!"

Barbara Berry's voice sounded as if she had not exactly concluded whether to burst into tears or fly into a passion. She was a tall, pretty girl, with red velvet lips and very black hair and eyes, and teeth as white and even as little pearls. Her husband, who stood on the hearth rug, buttoning his overcoat up in a most leisurely manner, looked down upon her with a troubled face.

"Barbara, I think you are a little unreasonable."

"Oh! of course—I always am?" And Barbara, postponing the passion for the present, burst into tears. "But I never thought my husband would refuse me the first thing I ever asked of him.'

"Neither would I, Barbara,' answered the husband, soothingly, "if it were anything reasonable. But a diamond ring! Pet, have you any idea what it would cost?'

"I could get a very nice cluster for five hundred dollars. I am sure.'

Mr. Berry shook his head gravely.

"I have no right to spend five hundred dollars for such a trifle, while my partners are investing all their means in the business and striving to economise in every possible way.'

"Trifle!' sobbed Barbara; "but that is all the regard you have for my feelings, John Berry. Of course it is a trifle—I am a trifle, and it's a great pity you took the trouble to marry me. I dare say you repented it a great many times since.'

"Barbara!' remonstrated the husband, soothingly. But he did not tell her how hard he was working to pay the debts her father had left, burdening himself to the utmost that no one should have the power to speak scornfully or slightfully of the memory of Barbara's dead father. No he did not tell her this.

"Barbara,' said John Berry, looking wistfully after her, as she threw herself down in an easy chair with her handkerchief to her eyes—"little wife, have you no good-bye kiss for me? You know I am going away for a week, on business for the firm.'

She never looked up, nor moved. He stooped down and pressed his lips to her forehead.

"Good-bye, Barbara.'

She did not answer, and he went away, sighing softly to himself, for he loved the pretty, wilful girl with all the strength of his honest heart; and her obliquities of temper grieved and puzzled him sorely.

The echo of the closing door had scarce died away on Barbara's ear, when she sprang to her feet.

"My resolution is taken,' she said, aloud. "Since John cares no more for me than to refuse the first *real* favor I have ever asked of him, I will leave him forever. He will learn that my wishes are not thus lightly to be disregarded. I can earn my own living—I can support myself by my unaided efforts, and I *will* do it!'

So Barbara Berry went up stairs to the little room that John had furnished with so much loving thought of her taste, and reference to her likes and dislikes, and resolutely packed the small trunk which was all that she had brought to her married home.

"I will send for it this evening,' she thought.

Then she wrote a brief note to her husband, stating her intention of freeing both himself and her from the bond that had doubtless become hateful to them both, and laid it on his dressing case, where he would find it when he returned from his business trip.

And all this time Barbara Berry's eyes were dry, and her scarlet under lip firmly held down by the pearl white teeth John had been so proud of. But when she laid out on the bureau the coral ear drops he had given her a month ago, and the watch that had been her wedding gift, and the little trinkets his love had supplied her with, from time to time, the tears sparkled into her eyes, and for one instant her resolution quailed.

But it was only for an instant, and then her heart grew harder and more wilful than ever. She tied on the bonnet she had worn before she was married, and folded the checked black and white shawl round her shoulders, and went down into the kitchen

"Ellen,' she said to the brisk servant girl who was paring potatoes by the fire, "you can go home and visit your mother for a week. By that time Mr. Berry will have returned, and you will receive further orders from him.'

"Yes, ma'am,' said delighted Ellen, with a curtsey.

And Mrs. Berry waited until Ellen was fairly out of the house; and then, carrying a roll of manuscript in her hand, she locked the front door, and shook the dust of John Berry's honest threshold off her feet!

"I know I could write two or three tales or poems a week; and there's no reason why I shouldn't earn a handsome competence in that way.'

And Barbara Berry hesitated which periodical she should favor with the first chance of securing her brilliant services.

The office of the *Magnet* turned up winner; and Barbara toiled down a narrow street, and up two or three still narrower flights of preposterously dirty stairs before she stopped at a door with 'Magnet Office' painted on its panels.

'Come in,' called out a voice, as Mrs. Berry tapped timidly at the door; and she entered a small room, where a good-looking man sat at a table, literally drifted in by heaps of papers, disjointed manuscripts, and letters.

Barbara, blushed and confused, told her story, and handed over the ribbon-tied roll of manuscript.

"O—ah!' commented the editor, looking over the daintily written pages with a keen, abstracted eye. "Poetry, love stories—hum!—ha! Much obliged to you, ma'am, but we really have more matter than we can at present use!'

"What would you advise me to do, sir?' asked Barbara, with a sinking heart.

"Honestly now, ma'am,' said the restless editor, "I should go home and burn all that pretty writing, and try some other tack.'

Poor Barbara! what a fall was this.—One thing was very evident, however, she never could earn her living by the pen

I can embroider beautifully, however, thought Mrs. Berry, as she paused before the windows of a great 'out fitting' establishment.

The foreman was lounging behind the counter as Mrs. Berry, directed from the front of the store, advanced towards him.

"I should like to get some embroidery to do, sir,' said she, timidly. "I have worked a good deal, and—'

"Well,' said he, dubiously, 'you might take some and try.'

"How much do you pay?'

"Fifty cents a day. You come here at seven in the morning, and leave at seven at night—board and lodge yourself, of course.'

Barbara opened wide her eyes.

"Fifty cents a day—that is only three dollars a week. I could not get board for that.'

"That is none of our business,' said the foreman, indifferently, yawning behind his hand.

"I could not undertake to work for such terms.'

"Very well—all right,' was the answer.

Barbara's next attempt was at a house. the dwellers in which had advertised that morning for a seamstress. A languid lady in a soiled yellow wrapper received her.

"You are the young person who wants to sew?'

"Yes, madam,' said Barbara.

"Of course you can sew neatly, and manage a machine?'

"Yes, ma'am.'

"Can [illegible] the children's clothes?'

"I have never tried, madam, but with patterns I have no doubt I shall succeed.'

"I should require you to cut and fit my own dresses also.'

"I am afraid I could not manage that,' said Mrs. Berry. "I never fitted any dresses.'

The lady elevated her nose.

"A seamstress! and never fitted dresses! Really, young woman, what wages do you expect to receive?'

Mrs. Berry rose, coloring deeply.

"I perceive, madam I shall not answer your requisitions.'

"I perceive so too,' said the lady, insolently. "Stephen, show this young woman to the door.'

And once again poor Barbara had made a failure.

She had another newspaper scrap in her portmonie, however—an advertisement for a governess.

"At least, I can teach children," Barbara thought.

Mrs Parley was at home—a showily-dressed lady, with short blonde curls and gold spectacles, who sailed into the room like a frigate under a full press of canvass.

"Oh! ah! yes, my dear, what can you teach?'

"I am qualified to give instruction on the piano and guitar, in French, German and all the elements of a solid English education.'

"That's well,' said Mrs. Parley, nodding her head. "Do you know anything of Latin?'

"I could teach the grammar.'

"You see my two eldest boys are preparing for school, and if the governess could help them along a little, it would be so much clear gain.'

"How many pupils should I have?' asked Barbara, timidly.

"Well, let me see: there's Fred and Harry in Latin, mathematics and ancient history: Tom and Willie in the elements; Josephine, Sarah and Mary Ella, all bright girls, and Susan, Frances, Eloise and Ida, a little younger: Marian is only three—of course, too young to commence her education as yet.'

"I should think so,' thought Barbara, bewildered

"Of course, you will devote your whole time to them. I like them to rise early; if you would dress them, it would save the expense of a second nurse maid; and walk an hour in the park before breakfast. They have their separate table, and governess takes her meals with them. I assure you, my dear, you will find all the comforts of a home in the society of my dear little ones.'

"What is the salary?' modestly questioned Mrs. Berry.

"Oh! the salary. We have always paid our governess twenty dollars per month.'

Twenty dollars a month! What a beggarly stipend! Yet surely it is better to have a home and twenty dollars a month than to embroider for fifty cents a day, and pay one's own expenses.

"I think I will try the situation,' said Barbara faintly.

At the end of the third day, Mrs. Parley sent for the governess.

"Mrs. Berry,' she said, stiffly, "my dear little Harry complains that you shook him this morning.'

"I did,' said Barbara, resolutely; "he was pulling Eloise's hair out, and would not obey my commands to stop.'

"I never allow any one to touch my children,' said Mrs. Parley, "and least of all Harry, His spirits are too fine to be broken. Please to remember this in future, Mrs. Berry. And Josephine says you are cross to her in the Grammar class.'

"I may have spoken shortly to her when she would pinch her little sisters, instead of paying attention to her lessons.'

"But hereafter you are never to speak to them in any accents but those of love My children are so sensitive, Mrs. Berry, perfect human mimosas.'

Barbara colored.

"If I am to have no authority over my pupils, Mrs. Parley, I can't undertake to teach them anything.'

"Indeed,' said Mrs. Parley, "in that case, Mrs. Berry, we must endeavor to find some one that can. I will trouble you no longer. Perhaps you had better go in the morning. My children's temper must not be corrupted by the example of your evil passions!'

So Barbara Berry lost her situation as governess.

Heart-sick, brain-weary and soil-worn, the poor creature stood homeless and penniless in the streets. Earning her own living had been a futile attempt heretofore,—should she try farther? And her heart answered with a great cry:

"Oh! if I could only see John once more.'

Pride was gone; willfulnes was quelled; obstinacy had met a fearful rebuff! Barbara's lesson had done her good.

Ellen O'Toole's holiday was cut short; Mrs. Berry wanted her again. Barbara tore up the note she had left on her husband's dressing case, and unpacked the trunk.

"What a goose I was,' thought Barbara.

She was yet straightening out the ribbons and collars in her drawers, when a heavy footstep sounded on the stair—John's footstep—and the next instant she had darted into his huge, loving arms.

"My dear little Barbee! and how have you got along in my absence?'

She did not answer the question directly, but she told the truth, nevertheless.

"Oh! John, John, I am so glad to see you.'

"And I've brought you something, too girlie.'

She opened the little morocco case—there, in velvet casing, sparkled a diamond cluster ring.

"John,' she faltered, "I did not deserve this.'

He laughed.

"And I did not expect to get it for you but I did an extra stroke of business while I was gone—an unlooked for piece of good luck—so I turned it into a present for you.'

And Barbara, crying and laughing, told her husband all her folly, and how the silly experiment had ended.

"Will you forgive me, John?'

Yes, John *would;* and like the children in fairy tales, they lived happy ever after.

The Big Canaan Snake.

The latest intelligence of the great snake discovered at South Canaan Connecticut, is given in the following letter to the Poughkepsie *Eagle:*

You were correct in doubting the story of its being shot, as first published in the Amenia *Times*, for it was all fiction — The great snake has not been killed, nor has any one attempted to shoot it. An ordinary shot gun would have no more effect on it than a pop-gun on an iron-clad, and a man would be called crazy who would attempt it. It has been seen every summer for the last fifteen years, in nearly the same spot. It was seen but a short time ago by a gentleman of the highest respectability, who is well known, and no one would think of doubting his statements. His name is A. Boardman, a skillful machinist, recently employed by Mr. Ames in the manufacture of his celebrated wrought iron cannon, Falls Village. Mr. Boardman was passing along the highway where the snake has been generally seen, not thinking anything about it, when suddenly his eyes caught sight of something lying under a large elm tree, which looked like the shadow of a large limb. Its shining brilliancy, and the real shadow of the tree being opposite from where the object lay, the thought instantly entered his mind, that it was nothing less than the big snake he had heard so much about, and so it proved to be, for it immediately started for the swamp. The animal having to cross the road, he had a fair view of his snakeship. A thrill of horror passed through his veins as the monster crushed its way through the brush with almost the speed of lightning, into the swamp and was immediately lost to sight. Mr. B. thinks it would measure thirty inches around its body in the largest place; in fact, it appeared to be nearly of one size, except three feet from the end of the tail, which tapered considerably toward the end. Its length he should judge, to be not far from twenty-eight to thirty feet. Its skin was so black that it fairly dazzled.

The farmers in the vicinity complain less of the depredations of the animal than formerly. On the borders of the swamp where it lives, graze large herds of cows, and it is among these it gets its living.—The owners of these cows have, for some time past, wondered why some of their best milkers had failed to give their usual quantity of milk, as it is only in the morning the owners miss it, and they have come to the conclusion that the snake sucks them and thus gets its living. It is well known that snakes are fond of warm new milk, and it is this kind of food, no doubt, that has caused this one to grow to such immense proportions.

There is a reward of one hundred dollars offered by a private citizen for its capture alive, and fifty if killed. There is strong pressure bearing on the town authories to offer a reward large enough to secure its capture or destruction, and the subject will be brought before our annual town meeting, the first Monday in October. Hundreds who attended the camp-meeting lately held here, came more for the purpose of seeing where this monster snake lived, than to seek for the narrow way. Few could be induced to stay on the ground at nights, for fear it might make them a visit. It was this one thing more than any other that made the meeting almost a failure. One man has determined to sell his farm and leave the place. His wife has already left, and says she will never live on the place again until the snake is killed. There is a perfect panic among the people, and what will be the result, time alone can determine.

The following beautiful allegory is translated from the German:

Sophronia, a wise teacher, would not suffer even his grown up sons and daughters to associate with those whose conduct was not pure and upright.

"Dear father,' said the gentle Eulalie to him one day, when he forbade her, in company with her brother, to visit the volatile Lucinda, "dear father, you must think us very childish if you imagine we would be exposed to danger by it.'

The father took, in silence, a dead coal from the hearth and reached it to her.

"It will not burn, my child; take it.'

Eulalie did so, and, behold! her beautiful white hand was soiled and blackened; and as it chanced, her white dress also.

"We cannot be too careful in handling coals,' said Eulalie in vexation.

"Yes, truly,' said the father. "You see, my child, that coals, even if they do not burn, they black. So it is with the company of the vicious.'

MATRIMONY.

Married people will please read as written; single ones can read the 1st line, then the 3rd, then the 2nd, and finally the 4th, in each verse.

That man must lead a happy life
Who's freed from matrimonial chains;
Who is directed by a wife
Is sure to suffer for his pains.

Adam could find no solid peace,
When Eve was given for a mate—
Until he saw a woman's face,
Adam was in a happy state.

In all the female face appears
Hypocricy, deceit and pride;
Truth, darling of a heart sincere,
Ne'er known in woman to reside.

What tongue is able to unfold
The falsehood that in woman dwells;
The worth in woman we behold
Is almost imperceptible.

Cursed be the foolish man, I say,
Who changes from his singleness;
Who will not yield to woman's sway,
Is sure of perfect blessedness.

An Irishmon's Will.

In the name of God, Amen! I, Timothy Doolan, of Ballydowndcrry, in the county of Clare, farmer, being sick and wake in the legs, but of sound head and warm hart—glory be to God!—do make this, me first and last will, and ould and new testament; and first, I give me soul to God when it plases him to take it, shure no thanks to me for I can't help it thin, and my body to be buried in the ground in Ballydowndery Chapel, where all my kith and kin that have gone before me and those that live after me, belonging to me are buried. Pace to their, ashes, and may the sod rest lightly on their bones. Bury me near me godfather, Felix O'Flaharty, bechuxt and betune him and me father and mother who lie separated all together, at the other side of the chapel-yard. I lave the bit of ground containing 10 acres—rale ould Irish acres—to me eldest son Tim, after the death of his mother, if she survives him. My daughter Mary and her husband, Paddy O'Regan, are to get the white sow that's going to have twelve black bonifs. Tady, me second boy, that was killed in the war in Amerikay, might have got his pick of the powltry, but as he is gone, I'll lave them to his wife, who died a wake before him. I bequath to all mankind the fresh air of Heaven, all the fishes of the sea they can take, and all the birds of the air they can shoot. I lave to them all the Sun and Moon and Sthars. I lave to Peter Rafferty a pint of potheen I can't finish, and may God be merciful to him.

(Signed) his
TIMOTHY ⋈ DOOLAN.
her mark.
Mary ⋈ Regan.
mark.
John O'Sullivan—Witness.

A Null and Void Pledge.

A good joke came off quite recently at the court house. A person living a short distance out of the village is in the habit of frequently coming into town and drinking to inebriation. At such seasons he is accustomed to call on his Honor, Judge M———. Recently he made one of his visits, become decidedly tipsy, called upon Judge M., and desired the Judge to write him a pledge, asserting his intention to cease drinking. His Honor wrote the pledge as desired, and the tipsy individual annexed his name thereto. He then desired to have the pledge that he might take it home and exhibit it to his wife. His Honor thought he was himself the proper custodian of the important agreement, but yielded to the solicitation of the man, at the same time assuring him that if he broke the contract, and appeared before him again in a state of intoxication, he would have him locked up. A week elapsed, and the judge was confronted by the same man, as tipsy as aforetimes. "How is this?" said his Honor, "did I not tell you I would have you locked up if you did not keep your agreement?" "Judge M.," said the tipsy fellow, "do you think I am a fool? I know what I am about. I'll show you if I am a fool!" and he drew forth his wallet from his pocket, took out his pledge, unfolded its worn creases, and holding it up triumphantly exclaimed, "Will you just show me the United States Internal Revenue stamp on that agreement?" The judge caved.

A NOBLE DEED.—The following is from the Land we Love: "A Northern man married in our native village a Southern lady, and died soon after the marriage.—The widow discovered, in looking over her husband's papers, that she was indebted to an abolitionist at the North in the sum of $1,000. She told her administrator that there must not be a stain upon the memory of her husband, and proposed selling her house and lot to pay the debt. He wrote to the creditor, stating the destitute condition of the widow, and her honorable intention. For an answer he received a letter inclosing the note of the deceased husband as a present to the widow. The name of this generous creditor was Gerrit Smith, of New York.' In a private letter he says, "It is time for men to quit hating and learn to love one another."

Farmer's Column.

Fruit Tree Peddlers.

Of all the people in the world the most pernicious and dangerous to the farmer and fruit grower, is a class known throughout the country as Tree Peddlers. They are also very injurious to nurserymen and the trade generally. They hail from no place particularly, and have no local home—no permanent place where they can be found. They are on a par with a class who advertise to send you something very valuable by enclosing one dollar to buy so and so, but when you go to look for them they can't be found. We find travelling all over the country these people, known as agents who represent themselves as from such and such reliable nursery, and by this means they very often succeed in taking a great many orders from the unsuspecting. Well, now, what do they do when they get up their orders? Why you will find them going to the different nurserymen and buying sufficient refuse stock to fill their orders. And in this way their contracts are fulfilled, leaving their poor duped purchaser to wait year after year for his trees to come into bearing, instead of the fine, beautiful fruit he has seen and fully expects to get, he will only have some knotty, worm-eaten balls of green vegetable matter.'

Now, the great evil arising from these individuals is the discouraging effects it has upon parties who are desirous of obtaining a good supply of fruit. And we must confess that many parties have good cause to feel that they are never to have a fruit orchard. The blame rests in different channels; very often the nurseryman is to blame, in the way the trees are lifted. We ourselves have suffered this way the past season. We purchased from a nursery on the south side of Baltimore a fine lot of trees—as pretty as we could wish to see—but when we received them the roots were in an awful condition.—They were so mangled and torn that it was impossible for them to live; nor did they live. Now, if all the trees sent out by them were lifted in the same barbarous condition, we do not wonder that many or all the trees die. This cause can easily be remedied by a little care on the part of the tree agent. But the great cause of all is, that parties are not particular enough from whom they buy. Instead of sending their orders direct to some responsible person in the business, they freely patronize the peddlers, who do not care a button about you, so they get the money for your order. Now, we trust we have said enough to at least convince some persons that it is to their interest to deal with parties of known responsibility.—*Rural Gentleman.*

Profit in Bee Keeping.

As a proof that bee keeping, as a business, pays as well or better than any other branch of horticulture, we would state that we are now offered for our bees $500 cash. It is not yet six years since we paid $20 for the four stands with which we commenced the business. We have never bought a hive since. So this is the increase of our capital in five seasons, saying nothing of the bees, honey and wax sold in the meantime, or the pleasure derived from the business. Now that we have so many hives, we find the profit increasing every year, without requiring more time and labor than we bestowed on a few. So far from there being any danger of overstocking, we find our bees have done better the past poor seasons than many have done where there were but a few hives kept in one place, and I am convinced that, where they are managed rightly, hundreds of colonies will do well where one will. To accomplish this, however, it is indispensable to have them strong and vigorous in spring, that they may take advantage of the whole honey harvest.—*Ib.*

SETTING FENCE POSTS.—Jno. M. Canterbury says; Permit me to offer a few hints in regard to setting posts. In the first place have your posts well seasoned—stake off your fence row as you want your fence to run—take a side plow and plow your fence row—elevate in the centre one foot above the surface—pulverize the ground well and then sow it down in blue grass. By so doing you will preserve your posts ten years longer, and save one line of boards at the bottom, and your fence will stand firmly against the winds.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2929_scm3527-0178.jpg